

# Saving the Lost and Mending the Broken

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Summary: Adia is dying. Of what she has no idea. Since the death of her family almost 2 years ago her health has been deteriorating, and only her vampiric best friends Raquel and Mark know about it. What do the Quileutes and Cullens have to do with this? Read and find out. Takes place 10 years after Breaking Dawn. Carlisle/oc

## 1. Prolouge

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\***

Hello readers, this is my first time writing a fan-fiction, instead of just fantasizing about it in my head. Hope you like it. Concrit is always welcome, please don't be jerksâ€¦.. ENJOY!

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When Dialogue is underlined, it means that she's writing everything down instead of signing.

**\*\*Prologue: \*\***

Pulling into a driveway shaded by the trees, I guided my truck in front of the gate to my brand new home. About eight acres of the 20 my mother had inherited had been cleared, and at the far side stood a large two story house. A sturdy wooden fence surrounded the clearing and bordered the driveway up to the house, where it stopped about 40 yards from the front door. Making a kind-of upside down bubble letter "U" shape with the house in the middle.

"Finally, we're home." I thought, I turned to the passenger seat where my very large and very hairy friend, Daisy, sat. And by friend, I meant Dog. A golden-doodle to be exact.

As if she could hear my thoughts, Daisy, sucked her tongue back in her mouth from where she had been panting, (and drooling all over the

seat I might add) tilted her head to the side for a moment -the way that dogs do- and looked at the familiar property. She then promptly released her tongue from its cage again, seemingly satisfied with what lay before her. I just smiled and shook my head at her.

Rolling down the window I typed the password into a keypad by the gate and slowly pulled my truck forward as the gate opened. I pulled my vehicle in front of the garage and parked and then got out of the car holding the door open so Daisy could jump out, which she did while almost knocking me over in the process. I scowled at her for a moment, grabbing my cane, purse, and keys before closing the door and walking back to the trunk to get my duffle bag out.

I had just come home after spending a few days with my grandparents for the fourth of July.

As I walked up to the front door I could see daisy out in the yard sniffing around and exploring. I chuckled as she barked at a few birds flying over head, as if she could catch them. I whistled a couple notes to call her back, and chuckled again as she ran back leaping around and acting like a puppy again. When she finally made it back to my side, I scratched her head and headed inside with her trailing behind me. The house was large, 4200 square feet, and yet I only used the downstairs half of it. It's not like I could help it with a bum leg. Going up and down stairs was hard for me and I essentially avoided them at all costs. There wasn't anything up there besides a few spare rooms, two bathrooms and the attic space anyways.

To the left of the entryway was the piano room furnished with -surprise!- a piano, a large couch and some bookshelves. The bookshelves were full of music and there were a couple paintings hanging on the walls. To the right was my art room with my desk, laptop, shelves of art supplies and the general disarray which always accompanied an artist's workspace. Straight through the art room was the kitchen and dining area which were large and open with windows letting in the sunlight. And if you looped back through the kitchen or straight through the entryway there was the living room. From the entryway you could see the fireplace and glass doors that led to the back porch with a large bookcase covering the whole left wall and the tv against the right sharing a wall with the kitchen. A large brown leather sectional dominated the living space but left plenty of room to walk on either the large wool rug at the center of the room or the hard-wood flooring throughout the rest of the house. In between the art and living room where stairs to the second floor and opposite those was the hallway in between the piano and living rooms to the master bedroom. My room.

Daisy followed me as I walked inside and dropped my bags and cane on the floor before throwing myself onto my bed in exhaustion. Daisy jumped in right next to me and made herself comfortable on the king-sized slice of heaven as I liked to call it. I was far too fond of my bed than what was healthy but hey, when you have a 2 inch memory-foam pad on your already perfectly comfortable mattress, you really don't have a choice. I groaned into my pillow -which I also loved far too much- in pain as my right leg throbbed. Short drives were fine but more than a few hours and my leg would protest in agony. I had taken my pain meds on the drive home but their effect was fading, checking the time on my phone I still had an hour till I could take more, it was about 5:15. I groaned again and debated the

pros and cons to just hacking the offending limb off my body. Pro, it wouldn't bother me anymore; conâ€¦ well, i couldn't really think of a good con at the moment.

I was faintly aware that my phone was buzzing but I really didn't want to move to answer whoever had texted me. When it persisted for several more minutes I grudgingly took it out of my pocket and looked to see who dared to disturb the great and powerful Adia. Chief Swan had sent a text asking if I had gotten home ok, and my cousin, Seth, had sent a text asking if he could come over when I got home because his sister, Leah, was being a jerk and he was soooooooo bored. I chuckled at Seth's plight and sent him a reply saying that he could only come over if he brought me large quantities of pepperoni pizza and if Leah came too. I also texted Charlie and told him I was fine and that I had invited Seth and Leah over.

Chief Swan was Fork's Police Chief and had married Sue Clearwater about 3 years ago. Sue's late husband Harry Clearwater was my distant Uncle and the father of Seth and Leah. Even though we were related -Harry and my father shared the same great great grandfather or something- we looked nothing alike. I was 5'9'' and fair skinned with curly red hair and freckles. I looked like my mother with her hair and complexion, but I was tall like my father had been and not as slender and curvy as my mom. While Seth and Leah were tall as well, they both had dark hair and tan skin common to the Quileute tribe. I was like an honorary member of the tribe, since I was related to the Clearwaters, also since I figured out the tribes whole shapeshifting secret. Honestly it didn't take long, but I guess having a vampire as your best friend helped. (don't worry, her diet didn't consist of humans, apparently there were some vampires who opted out of the human diet and preyed upon the wildlife instead) The first time Raquel had come to visit with her mate, Mark Thomas, or MT as I liked to call him, wellâ€¦ there was some drama.

After we first moved to Forks My father and Chief Swan had bonded over their love of fishing no less and through quite the coincidence had figured out the distant family relation. But that's another story. Anyhow I had told Raquel and MT to meet me at my house after school, it was my senior year. And since Seth and I often met after school to hang out, (and Leah never had anything better to do) I had the very bright idea to invite them over to meet my best friend and her "boyfriend" who were both in college, but had come to stay for the weekend. Needless to say that when we the two parties met they were not very happy or welcoming to the other. Leah ended up phasing (go figure), which honestly should have surprised me more than it did, but considering that I had heard legends about shape shifters from Raquel -my vampire best friend- and that I had suspected something was up with the Quileutes for a few months, (honestly no normal human being has a metabolism like that bunch) I kinda just rolled with it. Eventually everything was sorted out and after a very long meeting with the counsel, the pack leaders, Sam and Jake, and a few irate werewolves (\*cough, cough\* Leah and Paul) a truce was formed. It also helped that Jake was engaged to a half vampire named Renesmee, (who names their daughter Renesmee?) and since she was really nice and shared the same "vegetarian" diet as my friends she managed to help me convince the pack that they weren't a threat.

Apparently before I had moved here Renesmee's parents and their extended family (aka big ass coven) had lived here and had

established a treaty/alliance with the wolves. The Cullens, as they were called, had moved up to Alaska before my arrival to town and save for the occasional visit by Renesmee's parents, didn't frequent the area very much anymore. I think there was some sort of accident that caused them to move 'cause when I ventured to ask why they left I was greeted with silence and a hesitant "It's Complicated" from Renesmee. I could tell that whatever had happened was painful to talk about so i didn't ask about it again.

A lot had changed since then, I had graduated, completed one year of college, and my parents and brother had died. Nice, huh? In short, It was an animal attack, we were camping in yellowstone during my summer break and wellâ€ they were killed and I was left with my leg torn to shreds and a serious head injury. While the doctors had managed to save my leg, my head trauma has left me unable to speak. Everyone here has done a lot to help me since then, Chief Swan and his family have been the biggest help, along with Raquel and MT. They check up on me and Raquel keeps me from getting too depressed.

A text from Seth pulled me from my dark thoughts, I half smile as I read it. Seth has always managed to put me in a better mood, which is hard to come by these days, and I get free food as an added bonus.

It's been almost 2 years since the accident, I have since turned 21 and learned sign language. Seth, Raquel, and MT have learned it too and when they're around I sign to them, otherwise I have to write everything down. I'm glad to have them, but I often wonder if everything is worth it, worth living alone, crippled, unable to speak or even sing. I miss singing, I miss being healthy. I'm not the same, I'm sick all the time. That's the part that worries me the most, at first it was a cold every month or two, then I started to get feverish. I'm lucky I could go to California and visit the family I have there this past week. Almost 3 weeks ago I was so ill I can hardly remember it happening. All I remember is going to bed with a headache and temperature and waking up 2 days later with about 30 messages from Charlie, Seth and even Renesmee (who's married now btw) asking how I was and wondering if I was ok, or if they needed to come over. I have gone through the occasional rough patch since my family's death where I won't talk to anybody for several days at a time. Eventually through trial and error, they all learned to let me invite them over when I was feeling up to it. Lest I take my grief and anger out on them. I pretty much manage to pull myself out of it, and I've managed to pass off my sickness as bouts of depression. The only one who I can't fool is Raquel. Though I've been able to hide my declining health from everyone else. She could tell from the beginning that something else was wrong with me besides my depression and grief.

When it first started, about a month after I got out of the hospital, I went to the doctor, who just passed it off as a symptom of the trauma and loss I'd gone through. I would have accepted that if it hadn't continued to get worse, despite the improvements i've made in coping with my grief and injuries. I suspect Raquel and MT have a theory as to what's wrong with me, though what it is they won't say. I think they want to be sure of their theory before they tell me I have some incurable disease and that I have 2 days to live. They've spent the last year traveling and researching my condition and we keep each other updated on the other's progress with emails and skype calls every couple of weeks. I haven't told her about my most recent

case of the mystery flu. Now you might think that not telling anyone is foolish on my part, and it is. But honestly, it sucks being sick and helpless, when not 2 years ago you were as healthy as a horse. And part of me is convinced that if I just ignore it and try to be normal it will all just go away.

That brings me to my most recent dilemma. If I am dying, which I honestly think I am, can I ask Raquel to change me? Despite my contemplating the worth of living, I don't really want to die. Would I like to see my family again? Absolutely. Do I believe I will? Well,... I believe in God. I was raised in a Christian household and to this day I attend church every Sunday that I can. Honestly, my faith is the only reason I've been able to get through everything that has happened to me. I believe that heaven exists and I have faith that i'll see my family again, but if i'm a vampire, when will that be? The world has to end sometime, Armageddon and all that. But what happens to the immortal few?

The sound of the front door opening and the delicious odor of pepperoni pizza wafting into my room awoke me to Seth and Leah's arrival before they called out for me. I pulled myself out of bed, grabbed my cane and began to follow daisy who upon smelling the pizza darted out of the room to the source. I smiled as I thought to myself, great minds think alike.

## 2. Chapter 1

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\***

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**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

My evening with Seth and Leah was nice, we ate, and talked about all the going ons in the pack. Well, Seth and Leah talked, I mostly listened, which was fine. Or at least that's what I kept telling myself. Usually my inability to speak didn't bother me too much, but I missed being able to communicate fluidly with everyone in the room, not just the one person who could sign. Even though I could write it down, it always took me too long to respond to anything. I would just end up commenting with as few words as possible. So, yeah, it bothered me.

They only stayed for a few hours. I ended up falling asleep early -my pain medication made me drowsy- and I remember Seth carrying me to bed. Even though he was almost 26 and Seth still acted like he was 18, he was kind-of like an older brother to me. Always looking out for me, being overprotective. And I appreciated that. Before my younger brother died, I had always been the older, more responsible sibling. It was nice to be cared for. That being said, you try having an overprotective werewolf as your surrogate older brother, and see

how long it takes you to be fed up with him.

I woke up early that morning, about 8-o'clock, and couldn't go back to sleep. I usually slept in till about 10. Today was Tuesday, and at 12 I had a skype call with Raquel and MT. I wonder where they are? Every time we talked they were in some other country, last time it was Romania, what would it be this week? I sigh as I think about them, I missed their company. I half wished that they would just come home and forget about figuring out what was wrong with me. They had been gone for a year and they hadn't found a clue. They're vampires for Pete's sake! They must have traveled the world five times over already.

I sighed again, I needed to stop thinking about this. I slowly dragged myself out of bed and headed to the kitchen, where I fed Daisy (eagerly awaiting breakfast) and grabbed a slice of leftover pizza for my own. (A happy surprise since the chances of any food being leftover with a werewolf in the house was basically zero.) Munching on that small slice of bliss, I headed back to my room to take a shower, limping as I walked since I didn't bother to bring my cane. I really wasn't supposed to be walking without it but I was too tired to care. I took a shower, brushed my teeth, and got dressed in a pair of jeggings, my dark grey, long sleeved "this is not a pipe" t-shirt and my boots. Let me just say that my boots are awesome. They're round toed cowboy boots and they fit like a glove. The great thing about cowboy boots is that the more scruffy they get the better they look. Mine have some small paint stains and scuff-marks from projects my father and I had done at our old house in Montana. There were good memories associated with these boots, and I wore them almost every day.

After getting dressed I threw my still damp hair up in a bun not wanting to do anything with it. It's not like I ever did, my hair would just dry curly and do whatever the heck it wanted to. A trait I inherited from my mother. Mom and I had always liked our hair though, we didn't mind being different or crazy. We thought it was fun.

Gahhhhhh! I shook my head to shake my thoughts away. Almost everything reminded me of them. Not that it was bad to remember them, it was comforting, healthy even. But if I did it too much too often I would cry and get depressed. It was a fine line to walk. But I walked it none the less.

Heh, my thoughts just rhymed. No. Stop-it. Focus!

I grab my phone from the bedside table to check the time, it was almost 10. Well I had 2 hours to kill, I guess I could finish my art project that's due tomorrow. Decided, I grabbed my cane and walked to my art room to get my camera. Wait a minute, where's Daisy? As if summoned, Daisy walked over from the living room -I guess she had been lounging in her bed- and sat by the door, ready to go out with me. I took her orange service vest from the hook by the door -Daisy was a registered service animal so I could take her anywhere- , and strapped it on her before putting on my jacket and backpack which had my sketchbook, pencils, and an emergency kit incase I got lost or stranded in the woods.

I was taking online college courses from my college in Idaho, and working towards a photography major. Raquel had convinced me to take

classes after I got out of the hospital. She thought I needed something to occupy my time. I was only taking 3 classes; drawing, photography, and art history were what I was currently taking. Hence the camera for the project. There was a nice spot in the woods about half a mile away from the house with a creek and a big fallen tree. I could walk over, take some cool pictures, and get back for my call with Raquel and MT before noon.

If only my life was that simple.

Initially my little trip started out fine, it wasn't like I hadn't done it a million times before. So I walked, Daisy following behind and sniffing everything she could. When I arrived at the spot, I sat down and drank some water from the bottle I had in my backpack. The 15 minute walk had left me tired and I was already starting to sweat. Jeez I was pathetic. I had to sit and catch my breath anytime I walked anywhere for more than 10 minutes. I knew it wasn't my fault, but that didn't stop me from feeling like a whimp. Daisy walked up to me and sat down, I really loved her. She always knew when I was feeling crappy and would come and keep me company and let me just pet her till I stopped feeling sorry for myself. We didn't need to talk to communicate, we just knew what to do. Instinct I guess. I had always admired the way animals communicated to each other with nothing but their body language. I admired it even more now that I couldn't speak as well. Every command I gave Daisy was with a whistle or a gesture. Whether it was to sit, stay, come, or heel, no words needed to be spoken, and I found respite in that.

After my break, I walked around and took pictures. There were some flowers by the creek, moss covered rocks and dead tree limbs with saplings growing out of the cracks. The land here was beautiful, maybe I could drive down to La Push after I talked to Raquel and get some pictures of the landscape. I'm sure Billy wouldn't mind a visit either. Billy was probably my favorite member of the tribe, he had the most respect for my vampire friends, and he was great company. That man had a great sense of humor, and besides Seth and Raquel, was one of few who could get me to laugh these days.

About an hour later, I was satisfied with the amount of pictures I had to choose from. Putting the camera away in my backpack I whistled for Daisy, cane in hand, and began to walk back home. My cane was a sturdy piece of work, MT had carved it out Iron wood for me not long after I was home from the hospital. My favorite part was the wolf head that seemed to melt out of the handle. The design was seamless and reminded me of the pack. When he gave it to me, I was surprised that he had carved a wolf among all things. He just said that it would have a bit conspicuous to have a pouncing vampire on the end instead.

I smiled at the memory, I was lucky to have such good friends.

Unfortunately, I was not so lucky as to have good balance. I must have not been paying enough attention to my surroundings or I tripped over a rock or branch because I ended up falling down the side of the hill I was walking along. I think I hit my head on the way down cause I when I tried to get up I was hit with a horrible headache and a wave of nausea. Struggling to keep my balance I sat back down and tried to compose myself. My head was pounding, I rubbed my temples in an attempt to relieve some of the pain. No such luck. I was dimly

aware of Daisy's presence beside me, but I was more concerned with getting home. I reached for my phone in my pocket and was surprised to find that I had about 30 text messages and even some missed phone calls. When did that- I paused as I started to notice something. It was getting dark. But how? Not 2 seconds ago it was almost noon! And why was I so hot? I could feel sweat beading down my back and neck. I tried to get up again but that only increased the pain in my head and brought another wave of nausea.

Ok, standing is not a good idea right now. What should I do? I could text someone. I looked at my phone again, Damn, no signal. Even with my feverish mind I could tell that this was not good, nope not a good thing at all. Maybe someone would come looking for me. Where was I? I looked around. I was in the woods. Why? I couldn't think straight. I was so tired. Maybe I'd take a nap. Sleeping seemed like a good idea. Yea, Sleep. Sleep was good. As I drifted in and out of consciousness I was oblivious to my faithful companion's increasing anxiety.

\* \* \*

><p>Daisy could tell that something wasn't right with Adia, Humans didn't sleep on the ground like this, and they were never this hot. Except for the wolf-humans. But Adia wasn't a wolf-human, so something was wrong. Daisy stayed with Adia as it grew darker, protecting her. When daisy heard the sounds of Adia's human and wolf-human friends near-by, she ran to them. Daisy knew that they could help her. They would know what to do.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Charlie was worried, he had gotten a call from Raquel around 2 in the afternoon. Adia hadn't met Raquel and Mark for their skype call and Raquel was concerned. Adia hadn't missed a call before, even when she wasn't feeling well. Charlie promised that he would look into it. That was hours ago, it was now starting to get dark and no one knew where she was. She wasn't home -that was the first place Charlie looked- and she wasn't anywhere near La Push, the pack had already searched the area, and after talking to Raquel again, -who was nearly frantic- they decided to search the area around her house in case Adia had wandered off there and had gotten lost. As soon as Charlie had parked his police cruiser in the driveway Seth and Leah were jumping out and getting ready to search the woods. Charlie still hadn't gotten used to the whole shapeshifting thing. But he had to admit that the pack was great at organising a search party.<p>

As it turns out, they didn't have to search for long.

Not even a minute after they had pulled in the driveway, the sound of Daisy barking drew their attention to the edge of the forest. Daisy was running towards them barking frantically and once Seth and Leah started to follow, she ran back into the woods with the two of them behind her. Charlie stayed behind knowing he couldn't keep up with them. He also knew that wherever Adia went Daisy went too. They had found her. And sure enough a few minutes later Seth was running back carrying Adia and calling for Charlie start the car. What? Was she hurt? He didn't have time to wonder what was wrong with Adia, the urgency in Seth's voice drove him into action.

Charlie quickly got in the car and started the ignition, waiting for Seth and Daisy to jump in the back while Leah took the passenger



seat. After they were inside Charlie sped out of the driveway and onto the street, putting his sirens on as he raced to the hospital.

"Leah, call ahead and tell the hospital we're on our way" Charlie was worried. He was more than worried, Adia didn't look well. The last time he had seen her like this was after the animal attack, and at the time they weren't sure she'd make it.

Adia would never admit to it but she was well loved here in Forks. In high school she had quickly gained respect from both teachers and students. She was a good kid, always kind to others. She was confident around her friends but tended to be quiet and reserved around those she didn't know very well. Chief Swan didn't know anybody who didn't like her as soon as they got to know her.

Looking back in the rear view mirror, seeing such a good young woman look so frail and broken. Charlie was stricken with how much he wanted her to be ok. She was kind-of like a niece to him. He was good friends with her father before he died, and had gotten to know her family well. He truly cared about her well being and was determined to do everything in his power to help her.

With that thought he pressed on the gas a little more, getting every ounce of speed from his old police cruiser that he could.

\* \* \*

><p>The news they received the next morning, once Adia was stabilized and tested at the hospital, wasn't good. The doctors had no clue what was wrong with her. She was sick, very sick. That much was obvious, but of what and how, was a mystery. Blood tests were inconclusive, and nothing showed up on any MRI's or CAT scans.<p>

Charlie was furious, "What do you mean you don't know?" The doctor leading Adia's case was updating everyone on Adia's condition. He was also the unfortunate recipient of the Chief's frustration. "Isn't that what the tests were for? So you could figure that part out?"

"Charlie," Sue reached out and put a hand on her husband's shoulder, trying to calm him down. "I'm sure they're doing everything they can to figure this out."

Chief Swan sighed and ran a hand through his hair, it felt like Bella all over again. Sue, Jake, and Renesmee had met them at the hospital, and Raquel was flying in from Switzerland with Mark.

"I'm very sorry, Chief, but all we can do here is keep her comfortable and hope for the best." The doctor was an older man, probably in his 50's. He looked tired, he had probably been up all night working.

At this Charlie had to sit down, everybody else looked just as worried as he did. Seeing their grim looks, and the tears streaming down some faces, the doctor couldn't deny them some hope, even if it was slim. "There is something we may be able to do," At the doctors reluctant statement, everyone's head shot up at once. Their attention fixed on whatever hope the doctor could give them. "I know a doctor up in Alaska, I met him about two years ago when I worked at a

hospital up in Anchorage. He's very gifted and had a knack at solving seemingly hopeless cases."

"Well who is he?" Seth was impatient to hear who could possibly save Adia.

"His name, is Dr. Carlisle Cullen"

End  
file.